

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1]

Beatin' down your block, it's the brother with the bomb sh*t
Comin' with the sound, makin' underground bomb hits
Doin' '94, it's time for some action
I'm askin', "which one of y'all is down for the count?"
Now, still in the warzone, in '94 it's on
But I'm full grown, f**kin' with the microphone
P-Dog creepin' in the drop with the dirty eye
Still f**kin' with the man and it's kinda odd
That a n***a roll down and let the sh*t to go
Still gotta pray for the L.A., we play
Black folks still bring in to the true
But I still got love, so I'm comin' through
With a trunk full of funk that I make ya
Separate the real from the fake each and everyday
Understand it's a must that I tear sh*t up
And I still won't budge
And that's deep

[Hook]

We got that sh*t that you can feel
And ya know we're comin' real, baby
Ya know it's hidden in ya trunk
Righteous, Guerrilla Funk, baby

[Verse 2]

Right back up in ya with the mothaf**kin' dose
Of the truth and you House-n***as can't come close
To the P-R, the O, B-L-A-C-K
Still lookin' for a way to make us rise each and everyday
Brothers, listen to the sound when I bump
P-Dog, and I'm hittin' ya in ya trunk with the funk
Got that down home sh*t ya love
I never slipped chippin' with the monster bug
You know it go on and on and I won't stop
Comin' with the militant grooves that keep y'all spirits lit
Long as n***as keep dyin', I'm a keep servin'
Hip-hop 'til the bullsh*t stops
Back in the name of Allah, the one true God

Stand tall, bringin' truth to all y'all
So buck that devil and pa** me the fish sh*t
And know I never switch-hit
And that's deep

[Hook]

We got the sh*t that you can feel
And ya know we're comin' real, baby
Ya know it's hidden in ya trunk
Righteous, Guerrilla Funk, baby

[Bridge]

Take a listen to the sound, 'cause uhm
It's goin' down, baby (That's the law)
Ya know we keep it on the one
Righteous, Guerrilla Funk, baby

[Verse 3]

One more dead Black man
You can ask K-Cloud 'cause this sh*t's out of hand
All I do is see the world just stand around and watch
N***as drop like flies around the clock
But I never underestimate the fact
That America still hate Blacks, so I gotta act
Ever since I was three-fifths of a man
It was clear that somebody had to take a stand
So I strive to survive in a place
Where your worth is determined by your race, ain't that a b*t*h?
Nothin' funny from where I'm comin' from so I don't
Wear a smile 'cause I know they got me on file
Long as n***as gotta live in this f**kin hellhole
I'm a freak the motherf**kin' funk so the people know
And recognize that as long as young brothers stay 'sleep
We're born to die, sh*t, and that's deep

[Interlude]

Oh, right back once again back at ya
P-Dog, still up in ya trunk
Comin to ya straight from the anti-gangsta
I give you Guerrilla Funk